WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, May 7, 1803. [No. 31.

THE CONSCIOUS RIVALS.

A NARRATIVE.

DURING the winter of 1797, a regiment was quartered at a principal town in the west of England, amongst the officers of which was a gentleman whose real name must be concealed under that of Dudley: he was a young man of family, figure, address, and merit; as such, consequently welcomed in the best circles, and generally admired.—The daughter of an opulent gentleman in the neighborhood attracted his particular notice. Augusta Lansdowne was beautiful, her manners pleasing, and character unblemished. His honorable addresses were approved by the lady and encouraged by her family; and constant intercourse produced sincere affection on both sides. After the customary preliminaries, the day was appointed for their union, but at the distant period of two months, during which time the Captain was unremitting in his attentions, till an incident occurred, which occasioned a fatal interruption to their arrangements. Returning one morning from paying a benevolent visit to an invalid of his company, he had not got many paces from the poor man's hut, when he perceived on the ground a small silk pocket-book: the strings were untied; and, as he carelessly raised it, the contents fell out, and, as he tried to replace them, he strongly felt his curiosity excited to a more minute inspection. Several well-executed medallion landscapes claimed his admiration. A ring, curiously wrought with silk and gold thread, with the simple motto, *N'oublier pas Acte*, claimed a tribute of approbation. Nor could he resist the culpable temptation of opening a folded paper, in which he found a neatly worked ornament for a watch-case: the device was executed with rich brown hair on a white satin ground, representing Cupid blind-folded, aiming at a heart, placed on the altar of Friendship; beside which the goddess herself stood, with the shield of Virtue resisting the flying darts: beneath was inscribed,

Blind Archer, vain your efforts prove;
Friendship repels the shaft of Love.

"A Sapho, by Heaven!" cried Dudley, laughing to himself. Painting!—Poetry!—Sure the Muses are bewitched! He turned the paper, when he beheld written with a pencil,

Love is a traitor, I assure you;
He'll coax you first, and then secure you;
All smiles the wily rogue appears,
Smiles which too soon may change to tears.
Then shun the——

"Confound the thing!" cried he, "Here is neither wit nor erudition in this bagatelle; yet I should like to know the end of it. Friendship, too, embodied! a new conceit. But why not bear a form perceptible, as well as love? It is well portrayed too; the writing elegant. It must be the performance of a well-educated woman. Augusta is highly accomplished; but in the routine of fashion, she neglects such simply amusing talents as give charms to domestic society. Who can this little repertorium of taste belong to?" As he was speaking, he retraced his steps to the cottage; the soldier's wife was at the door.—"Bless your honor," cried she, as her eye glanced on the pocket-book: "where did you get that? As sure as eggs are eggs, it is the very same that Miss Anna gave me a seven-shilling piece out of just now." "Very possibly, dame," returned Dudley; "for I have just found it. But pray who is Miss Anna? "Law, Sir," replied the dame, "why I wash for her. But, poor thing, she must be at a sad loss now: though, to be sure, she did seem mortal sorry when she heard as my good man was ill. She comes and sees us every day, and has paid a month's washing in advance; for she will not let a body touch tub while John is sick, for fear he should be neglected. Bless her, I say." "But who is this lady Bountiful?" again demanded the Captain. "Why only, Sir, as a body may say—But sure enough, talk of the Devil—God forgive me, there she comes. Do, pray ye, Sir, tell her all about it. She may think I have had it—Now, do ye."—Captain Dudley was almost convulsed with laughter at the

good woman's solution; but soon checking himself, he turned to the lady, and, with the seriousness of politeness, said, "I have been fortunate enough to find this, Madam; and am informed it belongs to you." She received it with an expression of thankfulness; and he was as much pleased with her manner as with her face; than which he had never beheld one more lovely. Calling all due military assurance to his aid, he turned down the lane with her, and, with archness, regulated by respect, hinted at what he accidentally seen, attributing her choice of subject more to fancy than to sentiment. She parried his raillery with pleasantry, and was lively without being forward; and the chat was agreeably prolonged till she stopped at the door of a stationary and toy-shop. "Are you going to make a purchase?" asked Dudley. "I reside here, Sir," was her answer. She then repeated her thanks, and wished him a good morning. Dudley was a little chagrined, bowed silently, and withdrew; but rested not till he obtained a full account from the old woman at the cottage, that Anna Mellington was the orphan daughter of a London tradesman, who dying insolvent, had left his only child almost wholly dependent upon a maiden-aunt, who kept the toy-shop; but that, by her own industry and talents, she contrived to lessen the weight of obligation; adding, that she lived very retired, and was much esteemed. From that day Captain Dudley was a constant customer at the shop. When Anna took a rural walk, he always contrived to meet and accompany her; and, without reflecting what he was about, insinuated himself into her favor to a degree dangerous to her peace. Till then Anna had ever timidly shrunk from the idea of love; and even now that she felt the growing prepossession, without any positive declaration on his side of attachment, it would have betrayed consciousness to have declined his polite and pleasing attention: yet, while she thought herself justified in believing he regarded her with tenderness, she forgot the insuperable barrier fortune had placed between them, and yielded her warm ingenuous heart to a fatal passion. Miss Lansdowne, however, was not long before she observed the change in her lover's sentiments. She was ardently attached to Dudley; and his increasing neglect affected her deeply. Caroline, her maid, soon revealed to her the afflicting truth. "Why, dear me, Ma'am," said she at the morning's toilet, "who would have thought the Captain like the rest of his vile *sect*, to leave what's proper, and take up with trumpery?" "What do you mean, girl?" cried Augusta, reddening. "Mean, Ma'am; why, my stars! dont you know that Captain Dudley is always flirting about with that pretty moppet at Mrs. Brown's, who works needle-work, and draws, and writes verses, and such stuff, to impose on other folks?" "You are quite ridiculous, Caroline! See how wretchedly you are patching my rouge on! How can *her* doing those things impose on others?" "Why, to be sure, Ma'am, as you'r such a *genus*, you don't want nothing that way; but you see some fine ladies buys them, and pays a high price too, and then fobs 'em off for their own."—Miss Lansdowne smiled. "So, Caroline, you must make the girl out guilty at all events. Come, give me my cloak; and I will see this formidable rival."—Caroline obeyed with alacrity, and secretly thought she would give a shilling to witness the meeting.

Anna was in the shop when Miss Lansdowne entered, and attentively waited her commands. She selected a variety of articles. At length she said, looking earnestly in the face of Anna, "I am commissioned by a gentleman to purchase him a handsome purse: I wish it to be elegant and appropriate. Ah, there is an unfinished one: will you be so good as to complete it, and send it directed to Captain Dudley?" The changing countenance of Anna betrayed her emotion; for that purse was intended by her as a simple offering to the object of her affections. "It is not for sale, Madam," said she, falteringly. Augusta readily penetrated the truth; but concealed her chagrin, by giving a fresh order, and quitted the shop. But the first time she saw Dudley, her indignation could not be restrained. Her accusations opened his eyes to the impropriety of his own conduct; he was sensible he had behaved ungenerously to her; and the only attonement in his power to make, he would have been almost tempted to offer, but for the haughty, though just, resentment of Augusta, who would not then listen to any concession. When Miss Lansdowne left the shop, Anna made enquiry of a person there concerning her, and heard, with undescribable anguish, that she was the betrothed wife of Captain Dudley: an eligible and agreeable match!! In the agony of the moment she hastened to her chamber, and wrote the following note:

"SIR,

"Perhaps I am guilty of an unpardonable breach of propriety in thus addressing you; but when I presume to remind you, that my fame and peace are placed in competition with a point of etiquette, I think I shall be exculpated from any charge, but such as fastidiousness may alledge against me. It is now impossible for me to mistake your views in visiting me; and your engagements elsewhere demand that those visits should cease; my happiness, and your honor, require it. Forbear, then, Sir, to revive, by your presence, ideas which should never have been cherished. I return you all your professions, and forgive the indiscretion by which you have almost involved me in misery.—Pay to Miss Lansdowne undivided homage and affection. Your felicity shall ever be the sincere wish of

"ANNA MELLINGTON.

On the receipt of this, the distracted Dudley flew to her, urged his love in vehement terms; and vowed, that tho' honor might enforce his marriage with Miss Lansdowne, she alone possessed his affections. He soothed her unconcealed distress with every endearment tenderness could devise, and, in the confusion of the moment, disclosed views which filled her with alarm. Innate virtue, supported by an excellent understanding, and a liberal education, gave her an instantaneous triumph over the weakness of her heart; and she pointed out to him, in such energetic and pathetic terms, the injury he designed her, that he felt abashed at the implied insult. Yet passion again overpowered reason; again he transgressed, and Anna indignantly commanded him to leave her. Convinced of her virtue, yet despairing of obtaining an object still more dear to him, as more worthy of his love, he formed a hasty resolve, which, in the phrenzy of the moment, he executed, after having written two letters, the first of which contained these words.

(To be concluded in our next)

THE PYTHAGOREAN WOMEN.

BY WIELAND.

(Continued from page 236.)

WE are, with regard to this woman, in the situation of an artist who is to restore the statue of a Juno, or a Venus, by Polycletes, out of the fragment of a foot, an arm, or a mutilated head. The few fragments which are left of the writings of the beautiful and wise Theano would be sufficient for that purpose, were we to represent her character in a drama, or in a work like the *Travels of Anacharsis*; but we must content ourselves with laying these fragments before our readers as we have found them, and leave it to their imagination to form an idea of the original beauties of the lovely picture, which has been destroyed by the ravages of all-devouring Time.

We shall begin with the largest of these fragments, namely, with the *Letters of Theano*, which were first published by the celebrated Aldus Manucius at Venice, in the year 1499, in his collection of letters written by several Greek philosophers, orators, poets, and other eminent persons, which he composed with the assistance of the learned Marcus Musurus.

The question, what we ought to think of the authenticity of these letters? about which the learned, probably, will never agree for want of other criteria, can only be decided by their *intrinsic* merits. If I may trust my own feelings, I cannot discover in the three letters, which I am about to lay before the reader, any thing that could create the least suspicion of their not having been written by such a lady as I imagine the wife of Pythagoras must have been! I rather perceive in these letters such evident traces of the style of artless female simplicity as well as of the Pythagorean spirit and manner of thinking, as make me strongly believe that they cannot but be genuine, notwithstanding the unfavorable prepossession which the literati entertain against the Aldinian collection. But let us proceed to the letters themselves!

THEANO TO EUBULA.

I hear you bring up your children with too much tenderness. You wish to be a good mother; but dear friend the first duty of a good mother consists not in procuring pleasant sensations to her children, but in training them as early as possible to temperance, and a dominion over their sensual desires, which is the principal foundation of all virtues. You ought therefore to take the greatest care not to let the tender mother degenerate into a flatterer.—Children who, from their tender infancy are brought up in a voluptuous manner, must necessarily become incapable of ever resisting the charms of sensuality, which operate so powerfully upon them. You are therefore bound by your maternal duty to educate them so as to prevent their nature from taking a vicious turn, which is inevitable if love of pleasure gain the ascendancy in their soul, and their body be accustomed constantly to demand pleasing sensations, which render the latter immoderately delicate and sensible, and the former averse from all labor and exertion. Nothing is therefore more necessary than that we should train our pupils chiefly to that from which they are most averse, although it should give them pain, and make them look sour: for there exist no better means of animating them with an early regard for every thing that is *beautiful* and *noble*, instead of rendering them the slaves of voluptuousness, and as averse from labor as they will be eager to gratify their sensuality. Therefore, dear friend, if you feed your children too abundantly and delicately, incur great expenses in order to procure them now this and now that pleasure; if you always suffer them to play, and to practise wantonness, and suffer them to say and to begin whatever they list, always are afraid of making the poor child weep, and constantly exert yourself to make it laugh; if you laugh and are pleased when it beats its nurse, or calls you naughty names; further, if you take so much pains to keep your children always cool in summer, and warm and well covered in winter, you must give me leave to tell you, that you do extremely wrong. Don't you see that the children of poor people, who know nothing of all this, nevertheless grow up better, thrive and prosper, and in general feel themselves happier? You, on the contrary, bring up your children like young *Sardanapalus*, and by rendering them effeminate, give their manly nature a blow from which they will never be able to recover. Tell me only what will become of a boy who weeps if he get not his victuals in the very moment in which he calls for them? who always demands the choicest dainties when he is to eat? who fears to mel with heat when the air is warm, and shakes when it is cold? is full of contradiction and obstinacy when he is reprimanded? pouts when he cannot obtain what he demands? in short, if he know of no other occupation than that of hunting after pleasure, and of wallowing in vile sensuality? What else can be expected than that such spoiled children, when they attain the age of manhood, will become miserable slaves to their own passions, and to those of others? Let it therefore be your dearest concern, my beloved friend, thoroughly to reform your method of education, and to introduce a rigorous education in your house instead of that effeminate one; teach them to endure hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and inure them to bear it patiently, by setting before their eyes the examples of children of their own age, or of their superiors.....* for bracing the body, labor and bodily fatigue are for youthful minds what allum-water is for stuffs which are to be tinged with purple; the stronger they are impregnated with them, the more will the color of virtue incorporate itself with them, the more beautiful, lively, and durable will it be. Therefore take heed, my dear, lest your children share the same fate with vines, which, when nourished by bad juices, must of necessity produce indifferent grapes; for how is it possible that a voluptuous and effeminate education should produce better fruits than heedlessness, presumption, and the reverse of what renders a person useful to himself and to others?

* Here are left out a few lines, the sense of which seems to have been rendered unintelligible by the neglect or the ignorance of the copyist.

To be continued.

On the Errors committed by Both Sexes, before and after Marriage.

[BY A LADY.]

WHEN persons are married, they should have no secrets; each should reveal their thoughts and actions to the other. This would prevent the impertinence of those many persons who make it their study to endeavor to cause a division in families; and also be serviceable to themselves, by preserving a proper decorum in their actions.

A husband who would wish to live

happy, should ever remain a lover; and a wife who would secure the entire affection of her husband, should be as cautious in her dress and behavior as before marriage. How solicitous a lady is to appear amiable to her lover! She takes the greatest pains to be more agreeable to him than any other lady, conceals her temper, and endeavors to make herself appear all perfection; and perhaps the day after she is married she resumes her natural temper, with a view to govern her husband, and in a little time grows quite careless and negligent in her person. Disguise, either in disposition or dress, is unpardonable.—— No woman should blush to be reasonably subservient to her husband; and it is a great error for any lady to wish her husband to be dependent on her caprice.

Men were formed more noble, and women to soften and refine their sentiments, to moderate their passions, and make them rational. Men without women would be little better than savages: they are obliged to our sex for that politeness and address which renders them agreeable; so that the greatest charms in woman must be sensibility, virtue, delicacy, and tenderness. This the female sex has generally too great a share of, and too often it is fatal to their happiness, unless there is a proper mixture of delicacy.

It too often happens, that the gentlemen are not satisfied with the entire esteem of one lady, but keep a correspondence with two, if not more: this is exceedingly blameable; they may pursue it under the name of gallantry, but it is far distant from sentiments of honor.— It is a most inhuman practice. Every female is, at least there are few who are not, desirous of admiration, and they very wrongly give encouragement that is undeserved. In fact, no lady should believe she is beloved till she is convinced her lover is sincere, by the most assiduous enquiry. Young ladies are too credulous, and in general have too great a share of vanity, which prevents a necessary cautiousness relative to the sentiments of their lovers. A mistrust is not amiss; it saves the torment of disappointments; for if a lady once finds a gentleman, who pretends to her, particular to any other lady, from that moment let her not regard him. If a man shews the least slight to a lady before marriage, it will be greatly augmented afterwards; and to endure a palpable insult from any man, in a single lady, discovers a want of sense as well as spirit. Too often their haughtiness proceeds from the timidity of the lady they address. One of the parties must be absolute; therefore the lady may undoubtedly claim that privilege while unmarried; as, when she becomes a wife, she inevitably loses it.

The generality of the gentlemen have an aversion to marriage. From whence can it arise, but from the depravity of their taste, a profligacy imbibed from bad company, or an unhappy opinion that all women are subject to frailty?— Who is to be blamed for their weakness, but the gentlemen? Were not they the first seducers and betrayers of female honor? A wretched, prating pack of creatures, not worthy to be called men, who, from their vanity, think themselves irresistible; and, from their own bad principles, entertain such unfavorable opinions of the female sex, and form such ideas of marriage, that they think it the most detestable state imaginable. How seldom is it to be seen that a young married man lives sociably with his wife! How readily will he oblige or compliment any other lady! And yet he cannot endure his wife to permit any gentleman to return the same civility to her. It certainly must be confessed, it is imprudent for a married lady to be a coquette; nay, unpardonable: but the husband may, in general, thank himself for any slight he receives from his wife.

Women are naturally prone to desire admiration: it is their due, and they expect it; nay, some are so desirous of it, that they will run any length to obtain it; therefore the husband is greatly to blame not to give his wife any encomium requisite to keep up a mutual tenderness: on the other hand, the wife should make it her study to deserve it, and should not be perverse, or ill-tempered: she should appear, if possible, always amiable in the eyes of her husband; always affable and obliging. His humor, if bad, should be no precedent to her; she should rather endeavor to reclaim and amend his temper by softness than severity; rather by setting an example, than following that she condemns. It is a bad excuse, when a woman pleads her husband's behavior in behalf of her own: she should consider, her husband is more perplexed with business than herself. Her chief concern should be to lessen and sooth his anxiety, and preserve a regular decorum in her family; to conduct all things with management and prudence; to be an affectionate wife, and tender mother, if she is so happy as to become one.

THE CHASTE NUN.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the primitive ages of Islamism, when every soul was inspired with religious ardor, Mirwan, the Arabian general, led his victorious arms through the fertile plains of Miser*, and at last laid siege to Eskandria†; the people and garrison of which were so awed and panic-struck by the unexampled bravery and enthusiasm of the Arabian soldiers, that, after a feeble resistance, they consented to deliver up the city to the Conqueror, on the humble terms of life and slavery:—upon which all the avenues were filled with armed men; the Monks were forced from their cloisters, as well to make room for their new masters, as to save themselves from their fury.— Mirwan, having thus deprived the citizens of all hopes of liberty, caused the prisoners to be brought before him; a-among whom was a young lady, whose beauty particularly attracted his attention; upon enquiry, he wss informed that her name was Zainet, and that she had taken the veil a short time before his arrival. Notwithstanding this he ordered her to his tent, where he offered her his hand, and at the same time promised to dismiss all his other women. Though her heart shuddered at the proposal, yet, perceiving the impossibility of escaping, she replied—

"My Lord, I am surprised to hear you talk of marriage when all things are in this state of confusion, and while there are so many conspiracies against your life! But, to convince your Highness that your addresses are not received with indifference, I must inform you that I have an unguent, which will render you, or any other person who uses it, invulnerable."

Mirwan replied—"I know the perfidy of the Associators; [Christians] and, as thou art one of them, how can I ascertain the truth of this assertion?"

She exclaimed—"Make the first experiment upon me." Then producing

a box, and rubbing some round her neck, she bade him strike. He obeyed, and instantly severed her head from her body. The General was deeply affected with the pious heroism of the deed; and, fatally convinced how little she valued her life when placed in competition with her honor, ever after treated Christians with more humanity, and secretly became a convert to that faith which interest prevented him from openly confessing.

* Egypt. † Alexandria.

A BOXING MATCH.

A CROWD of British worthies having assembled at an alehouse to get rid of their Christmas Boxes, a violent dispute arose between a hackney coachman and a lamp-lighter, about which of them *was dressed in the most genteelest manner!* Words soon became so violent, that the quarrel could terminate only in a battle, and the whole party adjourned to Moorfields—where the crowd soon increased—the combatants stripp'd——

Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
Hurling defiance, now they fiercely close,
Their cracking jaws re-echo to the blows.

Watchmaker. Go it, my boy; that's the *motion*—*spring* at him—*seal* up his eyes; d—n me, *finish* him.

Sailor. Knock out his *starboard* eye—run in under the guns—get into his *wake*. Never mind *lee-shores*—batter his *hulls*—*douse* his *glims*—*shiver* his *mizen*—give him a *broadside*.

Soldier. Keep to your *post*, Dick—*fire* away—work his *buff*—*wheel* about—*rally* again—give him no *quarter*—dam' me don't *desert* him.

Bricklayer. Give it to him in his upper *story*—strike his *scaffolding*—*trowel* the dog.

Shoemaker. Now my lad of *wax*—*peg* away—*tan* the dog's *hide*—*curry* him well—that's my good *sole*—*bristle* up to him again Jack—*leather* him soundly—now you have him fast in the *stocks*.

Dustman. Silence his *clapper*—*blind* him.

Fidler. Lick him to some *tune*—now he *quavers*.

Carpenter. *Box* him well—*glue* up his eyes.

Gambler. Let him see you'r not making *game* of him, Dick—give both *fair play*—no *underhand* work.

Hackney Coachman. *Cut* him up—give him his full *fare*—summon up all your courage——don't give up your *ground*.

Publican. *Cork* up his eyes—show you have *spirit* in you.

Tobacconist. *Smoke* him.

Ostler. *Spur* him up, *sweat* him down.

Player. Mind your *cue*—*come on* now Jack, and he'll soon make his *exit*.

Bookseller. Tip him a second *edition* of Broughton—let out his red *ink*.

Fishmonger. Strike him in the right *place*—make him *flounder*—knock his *sole* out.

Painter. *Brush* up to him—peg his *pallet*—dam'me, make him look like a *layman*——knock him into the *back ground*—you'll soon make a *caricature* of his countenance—he's a d——d deep *shadow* under his eyes already.

Poulterer. Don't be *chicken hearted*—sew his eyes up—ease him—lard him—break his *breast* bone.

Glazier. Darken his *day lights*—— that's my *Diamond*—batter his *window-frames*—make the sun shine thro' him.

Baker. Peg his *dough*—hit him in the *bread-basket*—*paste* up his eyes—give it him in the *crumb*—let him see you are not a *French roll*.

Taylor. Stick to his *skirts*—trim his *jacket*—*lace* him—aim at his *fifth button*—have the other *brush*—let him see you are *a man*.

Apothecary. *Pound* the dog—*bleed* him—give him his *dose*—dam'me *sicken him*.

Barber. *Lather* away, Dick—*shave* him close, work him a good two-pen' orth.—*dress* him—*dust* him—*pin him* down tight—beat him to *powder*—*that's the barber*.

Blacksmith. *Hammer* away—*ply* briskly—make his *anvil* ring again—*blow'em* up, Jack.

Undertaker. Send him to his long home—make the dog *mute*.

Auctioneer. He's *going*—knock him *down*.

Butcher. Have a good *heart*—come Ben Boozle over his *jaw-bone*—give'em a *cross buttock*—*flay* the dog alive—knock out his *liver*—*brine* him—break every *bone* in his *skin*.

Waterman. Break his *skull*—bring him down upon his *bum-boat*—*ply* your blows quick—very *fair*.

"Oh! what a charming thing's a battle!"

ANECDOTES.

A PERSON, remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's hunt, excited his lordship to enquire who he was, when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his lordship, he desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however rode as usual; when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders: on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent. Still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstances brought the parties in conversation, his lordship mentioned, that he was informed he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. "Yes, and please your lordship, pretty handsomely." "Well and can you afford to pay so much!" O yes, my lord; it makes no odds to me; it is your tenants pay for it." "How so?" "Why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them; and when he doubled it, I did the same." "Oh, if that's the case," answered his lordship, "I pray take the mill at the old rent."

Pot luck.—A German was invited by an English family, to partake of *pot-luck* for dinner. He would eat no roast beef for dinner, no turkey; all the dishes passed him untouched. On being asked the reason of his loss of appetite—"*I do vaite for dat excellent* POTE LOOCKE," said he.

A certain modern beau was lately so ill, that he thought it right to settle his worldly affairs, and sent for a neighboring Solicitor to make his will. The Solicitor, who is a wit as well as a lawyer, having been informed by the sick beau of all his circumstances, said, he had a precedent for his will in that of the famous Rabelais, which he would adopt, and which was in these words:—"I owe much; I have nothing; and I give the rest to the poor!"

Good sight.—A man blind of one eye, laid a wager with a man that had good sight, that he could see more than him. "Accepted," answered the other.—"I have won then," said the blind man; "for I see you have two eyes, and you see that I have only one."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 7, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 28 persons during the week ending on the 1st. inst. of whom 17 were adults and 11 children. Of hives 2—Pleurisy 2—Consumption 2—Fits 1—Small pox 1—Disease of the liver 1—Sore throat 1—Bruises 1—Dropsy 1—the remainder of diseases not mentioned.

Extract of a letter from Washington city to the editor of the Aurora, May 2, 1803.

"An express has reached this place, and is said to have brought dispatches from our ambassador at London, containing advices of the actual renewal of war in Europe."

At Lebanon, N. H. the wife of Lt. Hinckley, put an end to her existence on the 16th ult. by hanging herself with a skein of yarn. She had been insane several months.

The following facts are a strong proof of the beneficial effects of a temperate habit on the human system and are worthy of notice. Mr. EPHRAIM PRATT, was born in Sudbury, (Mass.) in the year 1686, being the second child born of European parents in that town, and the first on the records. From thence he removed some years ago, and is now living in Shutesbury in Hampshire County, aged *one hundred and seventeen years.* He is in good health, and is able to walk abroad and visit his neighbors; and until within about two years, his eyesight was so good as to enable him to read. From a child he has been rigidly temperate, living principally on milk, and disclaiming altogether the use of spirituous liquors. He is a man of exemplary life and irreproachable character, and notwithstanding his great age, is still an agreeable companion.

On Thursday, about one o'clock, the body of ADAM WAYBELL was found about four and an half miles from Baltimore on the Southern road. When it was discoverd, it exhibited the most shocking spectacle that can possibly be conceived; it was stripped of all wearing apparel and lying exposed in an old sand or coal pit;—the bussards had picked almost all the flesh from the legs, thighs, &c. and the features were scarcely distinguishable, being turned quite black by the sun. The coroner summoned a jury, who went to hold an inquest on the remains. From every circumstance relative to the disappearance of the deceased, scarcely a doubt remains of his being robbed and murdered. It is sincerely hoped the perpetrators of such an atrocious act, will be speedily brought to condign punishment.

[*Baltimore Telegraphe.*

From a Petersburgh (Vir.) paper.

On Thursday morning the 20th inst. was brought to this town, from Person county, N. C. one of the most extraordinary objects probably ever seen. A young man by the name of Howard, 23 years, 2 feet 8 inches from head to foot, and about 18 inches high when sitting. He appeared to be sensible, converse with ease, has the countenance of a man of his years, and says he enjoys a remarkable share of good health. All his limbs have undergone an astonishing change—his legs and thighs are bent and flat; the shin bone of each leg appear broken about the middle, and form an angle—his arms have but very little bone, notwithstanding which he has the use of them. In short his whole frame, apparently has experienced a gradual dissolution, and he appears to have very little bone left in his limbs. His arms, he says, have been broken upwards of thirty times, without having, latterly experienced any great inconvenience from it. He has been unable to walk since he was three years old. He says the cause of his lamentable situation is attributed to a quantity of mercury given him for the worms, when about a year old.

DIED]—In England, EMILY SPENCER, Æt. 36—who for 20 years reigned the Venus of England. She was of low origin, and was seduced almost from infancy. She early became the mistress of a person of high rank, who gave her a splendid establishment. At this time, and for years afterwards, the beauty of her face was confessedly unparalleled; and she was prevailed upon at different times to sit to the late English Apelles (Sir Joshua) when he was desirous of delineating on canvas an idea of a most beautiful angel. After passing through those scenes of dissipation and folly which generally mark the progrsss of women in her unhappy situation, and running the gauntlet of prostitution, she became attached to a poor person, and had two children.—Her reverse of fortune preyed upon her mind; she had recourse to dram-drinking, by which she soon became the feeble representative of a beautiful ruin; and died in childbed a short time since, in the 36th year of her age. Thus, and thus early, terminated the life of a person who for several years had so much the command of personal splendor, and the possession of personal beauty, as to be the envy of all those female fashionables and frequentors of public places, whom education had not taught to know, nor sentiment to feel that an hour of virtuous domestic felicity is worth more than an age of levity and folly:—

Let coxcombs flatter, and let fools adore,
Here learn the lesson to be vain no more.

On Wednesday afternoon a sudden gust of wind struck a North River sloop in Tappan Bay, when Mr. JOHN GARRISON, of this city, was knocked overboard by the boom, and, we are sorry to add, was unfortunately drowned before any assistance could be given.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, April 29.

THE SPANISH BARBER, translated from *Beaumarchais*, by *G. Colman*—and A TALE OF MYSTERY, *T. Holcroft.*

This evening's entertainment was indeed a rich repast for wit and taste. Of the Tale of Mystery we have often spoken, yet never can speak enough. The Spanish Barber is in some measure new to our stage, but we hope he will become an old acquaintance.

MONDAY, May 2.

THE TOURNAMENT, *Maria Starke*—ST. PATRICK'S DAY, *R. B. Sheridan, esq.*

WEDNESDAY, May 4.

HEAR BOTH SIDES, *T. Holcroft*—and CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO, altered from *Shakespeare* by *David Garrick, esq.*

Characters in the new Comedy.

Fairfax,	Mr. Fennell.
Headlong,	Mr. Martin.
Transit,	Mr. Hodgkinson.
Melford,	Mr. Tyler.
Sir Ralph Aspin,	Mr. Hogg.
Quillet,	Mr. Jefferson.
Sir Luke Lostall,	Mr. Macdonald.
Mr. Backhand,	Mr. Turnbull.
Major Tennis,	Mr. Prigmore.
Steward,	Mr. Johnson.
Gregory,	Mr. Hallam.
Master of Hotel,	Mr. Hallam, jun.
Bailiff,	Mr. Prigmore.
Jones,	Mr. Shapter.
Waiter,	Master Stockwell.
Robert,	Mr. Robinson.
Jennings,	Mr. Wilse.
Caroline,	Mrs. Johnson.
Eliza,	Mrs. Hodgkinson.

This Comedy of *Hear both Sides*, has been play'd with success at Drury-lane. We infer, that it was play'd very differently at Drury-lane from what it was at the New-York Theatre, especially in the principal character of *Fairfax*. The fact is that it appeared to the audience as if *Sir Ralph Aspin*, *Mr. Fairfax*, and one or two others, were merely dressed up and placed on the stage for the purpose of reciting what was first audibly read by the Prompter.

Mr. *Hodgkinson*, Mr. *Tyler*, Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Jefferson*, Mr. *Johnson*, Mrs. *Johnson*, Mrs. *Hodgkinson*, and some others, tho' possessing long and difficult parts, appeared to have fully committed them to memory—a proof that the piece was not hurried in the *getting up*.

To speak of the merits of the piece from such a misrepresentation, would be both folly and injustice.

Hilardo, on the rumor of a renewal of hostilities in Europe, came too late.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Thursday April 14, Robt. Davis, esq. to Miss Sarah Heustis, both of this city.

Some time since, Samuel B. Malcolm, esq. of this city, to Miss Catherine Schuyler, daughter of Gen. Schuyler, of Albany.

On Saturday, the 23d ult. Mr. William Havemeyer, to Miss Susannah Glaik, both of this city.

John Marsden Pintard, esq. Consul at Madrid, to Miss Eliza Smith, daughter to the President of Princeton College.

At Derby, (Con.) on the 25th ult. Capt. Thos. Vose, of this city, to Miss Betsey Humphreys, of the former place.

At Elizabeth town, Mr Joseph Clark, of New-York, to Miss Susan Meeker, of that place.

On Tuesday evening last week, Mr. Arthur Berryhill, to Miss Catherine Hauptman, both of this city.

On Wednesday last week, Mr. David A. Cumming, merchant, of this city, to Mrs. Ruth Major, daughter of the late George Hunter.

On Saturday last, Nicholas Fish, esq. to Miss Eliza Stuyvesant, daughter of Peter Stuyvesant, esq.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Jacob Blackwell, to Miss Hannah Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Thos. Lawrence merchant, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. at Oyster-Bay, Mr. Charles Latting, to Miss Sarah Frost.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. John Anderson, to Miss Ann Kanea.

Deaths.

At Haddam, (Con.) on the 14th ult. the Rev. Eleazer May, in the 71st year of his age.

On Wednesday last by a fall from a scaffold of a ship, Mr. Malcom M'Ewen, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

THEATRE.

MR. MARTIN'S BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, May 9,
will be presented,
(Never performed here)
A Comedy, called,
She would and She would not,
Or, The Kind Impostor.
End of the Play, a Hornpipe, by a Lady.
To which will be added,
A Farce, in 2 acts called,
The Apprentice.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,
No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

LEWIS G. STANBROUGH

Begs leave to inform his friends, and the public, that he intends to remove his SCHOOL, from No. 49, Chatham-Street, to No. 155, into MR. DOMINIC', *well known School-room, now occupied by* MR. EDSONS *which will be open on Monday the second day of May next, for the reception of youth, of both sexes; where he will teach the various branches included in an* English Education. *As the situation is very pleasant, and his fix'd purpose is to pay the strictest attention to the business, as well as to the morals of his pupils, he presumes to hope for a degree of public patronage.*

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.
Blank Books of every description.
Bibles of every size.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, &c.
And a general assortment of
Stationary.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By Regina Maria Rooke.

FOR THE VISITOR.

ON SPRING.

HAIL genial power, of life the sweet regale,
Hail source of genius, bright effulgence hail.
Come all ye pow'rs and strike the tuneful string,
Come ev'ry joy and view approaching Spring;
He comes, he comes, the god of cheering May,
Ten thousand sweets and joys bestrew his way;
The foliage green, and lively verdure spread
Hail Spring's approach and cruel winter dead.
Millions of insects swell th' unmeasur'd space,
With plumage gay attend the feather'd race;
Th' unfolding bud and blossoms cheerful glow
Perfume the fields, and speak a future show;
The orient east with radiant colors crown'd,
Sends forth the g'lorious orb that warms the ground.
Come all ye pow'rs who feel his genial fire,
Come ev'ry joy, and gen'rous thoughts inspire.
Come ev'y insect, ev'ry form combin'd;
Come all ye songsters of the feather'd kind,
Symphonious raise aloft your tuneful sounds,
With sweetest melody the wood resounds!
Ring loud applause let ev'ry living thing,
And praise their Maker in an endless Spring.

W.

April 28.

STANZAS,

Written at Midnight.

BY MR. HACKETT.

1

NOW all mankind have clos'd their weary eyes,
And sought the tranquil charms of balmy sleep—
Save the poor wretch, who, worn with sickness, lies,
Alive to anguish, and awake to weep!

2

Save the poor female, by a villain's art,
Drawn from the comforts of a cheerful home;
Now torn, now tortur'd, by an anguish'd heart,
And doom'd a helpless prostitute to roam!—

3

Save the vile wretch, who revels in those charms
That gold, pernicious gold, can ever buy;
That gold, that drives the female into arms
She loaths, and makes her heave the frequent sigh.

4

Yes! I will pity, but will ne'er enjoy,
Those female forms that hapless range the town;
Whose lives are tinctur'd with the worst alloy—
Rememb'rance of the days for ever flown!—

5

Save the dull sot, who seeks, in wine, to gain
That conscious pleasure which a wise man feels;
Still longs for pleasure, but embraces pain,
And draws diseases from his varied meals.—

6

Save the bold gamester, by each passion torn,
Staking his fate and fortune on a die:
His pallid front, with anxious sorrows worn,
Bespeaks the soul where rankling passions lie.—

7

Save the pale student, o'er his midnight lamp,
Urg'd on to labor, by the love of fame;
Whose ardent soul no ceaseless toils can damp,
By genius born to gain a poet's name!

8

Oh! how it cheers his drooping heart to know,
That future ages will allow his claim!
How quickly blunts the sense of present woe,
To live months, years, and ages, still the same!—

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE LAWYER.

A COUNTRY Bumpkin, pence by pence, had got
The golden semblance of his gracious King:
Day after day he bless'd his happy lot,
And view'd with monstrous eyes the glitt'ring thing!

It chanc'd he wanted Counsellor's advice,
And sore at heart and much perplex'd was he:
His hard-earn'd Guinea going in a trice!
What Counsel gives advice without a fee?

He told his story o'er and o'er again,
And thus attention to his cause bespoke:—
"'Tis true that I's be desp'rate poor; but then
"I *always* keeps a *Guinea* in my poke."

This news affected much the Man of Law;
He laid the case down clear as noon-day sun,
And, as is customary, held his paw
To catch the fee as soon as he had done.

Hodge thought (and wisely too) a Guinea now,
If giv'n, could not make his case more clear:—
Pull'd off his hat, presented his best bow,
And said——"I thanks ye—kindly thanks ye, Sir!"

"Come, come!" at length, the angry Lawyer cries
"You understand me—you are pleas'd to joke—
"The Guinea!"—"No! I told you," Hodge replies,
"I always *keeps* a Guinea in my *poke!*"

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (*Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane*) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of *PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:*

The peerless Maid of Buttermere---Ewelina's Lullaby---Poor Mary----The Village Coquette----Once happy in a peaceful House---Ye Powers that rule without control---The sweet little Girl of the Lakes---The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose---Tarry awhile with me my Love----The mutual Sigh----The Sailor's welcome home--Mutual Bliss--the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale---the Kiss---the Cake Man---a pretty Week's Work---The fair Huntress---the Blackbird---the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love---Adieu, adown, in the Valley----Little sinning's in Love----Poor Ellen---the Pilot that moor'd us in peace---At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise---An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape----the poor little Child of a Tar----With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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